

Harbinson had been listening to this strange conversation carried on in his presence; but he could make nothing of it. Kate opened the door, ushered the two men into the room, and to Mrs. Mason, who had risen, said with a smile:

"Mrs. Mason, this is Mr. Overton;" then, "Mr. Overton, the Rev. Marshall Mason."

I suppose some writers would dwell long upon the scene which followed. I think it best to recognize the limitations of language, and so I leave this happy reunion of husband and wife, and of father and son, after so long and so strange a separation, entirely to the readers' own imagination, after the manner of that ancient painter who threw a veil over Agamemnon's face, and thus left the father's grief to be measured by the spectator's feelings.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

##### SOME GRAHAM EVENTS.

How hath our love, half nebulous at first,  
Rounded itself into a full-orbed sun!

—LOWELL.

When, as already stated, John called on Mrs. Delorme with news of Mason, that lady, when she had perused Mason's letter in which he had intimated that he would likely lose his pulpit, said to John:

"Mr. Cotterell, why should not you workingmen get him called to the Congregational church here? Certainly he is the very kind of preacher workingmen should encourage."

"How could we get him called here? The church won't pay any attention to our request."

"Why not join the church—a large number of you—and thus control its annual meeting? You know the distinguishing characteristic of the Congregational church is that each congregation manages its own affairs, as freely as a club does its concerns. The congregation can choose whom it pleases for pastor—even one who is not a preacher at all."

"But before they'd let us join we'd have to say we believed a whole lot of things that we don't know anything about, and that nobody knows anything about. I couldn't be a hypocrite even in a good cause. If they'd let us just say we believe in the teachings of Christ and that we'll try to practice them and to imitate his example, most of us would like to be in a church with a preacher that preached that way; but workingmen don't take much stock in theology."

"Then why not organize a new church on the very lines you have just suggested? There are so many of you that the expense of each member would be trifling; and many people of other classes would be glad to attend and help pay the expenses if you had an eloquent preacher. Such a church might accomplish a prodigious amount of good, and relieve a vast amount of suffering among the poor not reached at all now. A church consisting of people associated expressly to practice the Sermon on the Mount—who can calculate in advance what an influence it might exert? Members visiting the sick, feeding the hungry, caring for the distressed and the lonely, succoring the orphan—what good such an association could accomplish! Mr. Cotterell, it is an inspiration! Do it. I shall give it all the assistance in my power, and I am sure every member of our club will do likewise. It would be a grand thing. Call it the Church of the Millennium. Won't you undertake it, Mr. Cotterell? You can do it if anybody can. I am quite enthusiastic over the project. We need such an institution so much. We really must have it; and you must begin it."

"It looks to me like a good scheme. I'll speak to some of the men about it and see how they feel. I'll try to make it go. But we mustn't say anything to Marsh Mason 'till we see it's a sure thing."

John did mention it, and by way of doing some preliminary missionary work, obtained and distributed a number of copies of Mason's printed sermon. The project proved so popular that upwards of 300 had agreed to become members of the new church, a hall had been secured and the first meeting had been called and John chosen to speak, when the whole matter was interrupted by certain incidents of which the reader shall be immediately informed.

For several weeks the men in the shops had been working short time; when they were notified that the railroad company intended to reduce their already meagre wages. The men had protested in vain, and their committee, including John Cotterell, when they had attempted to call upon the general manager, who was then in the city, had been contemptuously refused admission and had been discharged for their insolence. The shop men held a secret meeting to discuss the situation, and all except John and conservative Nick Withers favored an immediate strike. John thus addressed his excited comrades:

"Men, I've lost my job already; so you'll not accuse me of being tender-foot about a strike because I'm afraid I'll lose my place. What's the good of striking? Unless you'll look the ground over in advance, step by step, and then resolve to go clear through like men, you'll only have to suffer and make your folks suffer for nothing. (Now, you've seen and heard of strikes enough to know how they work. We quit work, then the police and the deputy sheriffs, and maybe, the Pinkertons, come to guard the company's property and the 'scabs' that are to be brought in. New men come to take our places, and if we try to speak to them we're driven off by these law-and-order cusses. Then we've either got to fight them and beat them, or give up; then the strike's broken and we're out of a job and blacklisted to boot. Now, you know to a dead certainty that's the first thing we've got to meet if we strike. We've got to fight these capitalistic hounds, or we've got to give up the strike right off. What's the sense of striking, then, unless we've made up our minds to fight?"

"We will fight!" exclaimed some excited men; and the sentiment was wildly cheered.

"I haven't been shown any arsenal yet. If you've got one anywhere, you've kept it secret from me. But let's suppose you whip the police, and the deputies, and the Pinkertons. Then next thing is the militia. The governor will call out the national guard, and they'll likely fetch their angel-making machine—a gatling gun. They'll take the place of the police, the deputies, and the Pinkertons you've driven off; and they'll put out sentinels so you can't get near the shops, and the 'scabs' will come in and work under cover—unless you whip the militia."

"Who cares for them kids?" asked an excited man derisively; and there was uproarious applause.

"But," said John, "these kids will have guns, and they will know how to use them; and these kids represent the state, for which you have such religious respect. Unless you're ready to fight the militia—and that's treason if you don't win and make a successful revolution instead of a strike—what's the sense of striking at all? For you know as well as I do that these things are dead sure to come if you strike!"

"The militia can't stay always," said some of the more radical. "We'll wait till they're gone, and then make it warm for the 'scabs'."

"Yes, that's been tried before," said John. "How often have you heard of its succeeding? Let me tell you, men, the government and the employers are on the same side. The government will take care of the railroad company if it has to murder the last one of us. That's what government's for. I don't see that it ever gets over on our side of the fence. It's a rich folks' concern, and it knows its business. We could change all that if we had sense enough to do it. We could vote our own friends, instead of capital's tools, into control of the machine, and turn it to other way awhile; but we'd rather be republicans or democrats than men of sense on election day, and we give the other fellows the militia, and the guns, and the police, and the injunction machines, and then try to fight them empty-handed the next summer! If we'd vote right, and not be a lot of fools and toadies at voting time, we wouldn't need to strike; and while we're too big ninnies to vote like men, I don't believe it's worth while to strike."

The men had the greatest respect for John, and many of them felt the force of what he had said; but the motion to strike was carried by every vote but his; even Nick Withers was so dis-

gusted with this "seditious speech" that, being "a law-abiding citizen," he voted to strike. The men were simply to quit work next day at noon and not resume. Nick Withers had gone from the meeting straight to the house of the superintendent, and the company officials, therefore, knew of the contemplated strike in time to have some men ready to take the places of some of the strikers and to go right on with the work at the shops in the afternoon, or seem to do so, and thus discourage the striking employees. Withers had also told the superintendent that John Cotterell was the leader of the strike and that he had almost forced the men into it, and that it was only necessary to get rid of that individual to end the trouble at once.

All the men had left the shops at noon. John had gone to his boarding house and dressed, before returning at 2 o'clock as had been agreed; for, that morning, Mrs. Ruble had sent word by her husband that she wished John to call that evening without fail, as she had a letter she wished him to read, and anxious to hear from Lena, he had made preparation to call. Returning to the shops he was much surprised to see a force of policemen already in charge, for nothing whatever had been done by the strikers as yet—nothing had even been threatened. He was still more astonished when two policemen met him as he approached and one of them said:

"I want you. Come with me."

"For what?" demanded John.

"It makes no difference about that; you come along."

"Show your authority to arrest me, or I shall refuse to submit."

The policeman pointed to his club.

"Here is my authority. Are you coming peaceably or not?"

"I'm an American citizen and I have committed no crime. I'm not a slave to run along whenever an overbearing policeman sees fit to tell me to. Show me your warrant and I'll go. If you attempt to touch me otherwise, you had better make arrangements to fight."

The policeman gave a savage grab at the blacksmith's collar but was promptly knocked down. The other policeman had drawn his pistol—a report rang out—there was a little smoke at the muzzle of the pistol—and John Cotterell, throwing up his hands and half turning, fell forward. A little stream of bright blood began to run from under the prostrate body. A crowd gathered and was at once dispersed by the police, but finally some of the shop men were permitted to take up the bleeding man and bear him to Ruble's humble home.

The strike was over.

Had John been able to see out a window of the shop, he might have seen the "letter" Mrs. Ruble wished him to read alighting from a car toward noon and proceeding to the Ruble cottage. Lena had come to spend the afternoon, and to meet John in the evening. He did not as yet so much as suspect her presence in Graham; and she and her hostess-friend were gayly laughing over their anticipated surprise of the unsuspecting lover, when, pale and in breathless haste, Mr. Ruble entered, saying immediately upon opening the door:

"Get a bed ready quick! A man has been badly injured and they are bringing him here."

In another moment there were sounds of shuffling feet outside, as of men carrying a heavy burden; the door was thrown open and the bleeding body, hidden by the men carrying it, was brought in and laid upon the bed. A surgeon was speedily at work trying to stop the hemorrhage.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Ruble when her husband came out of the bed-room.

"It's Cotterell. We had a strike and a policeman shot him."

"Mr. Cotterell?" screamed Lena.

"Shot? Oh!—is he killed?"

"No, he is badly hurt, but not killed."

Lena almost flew into the room where John lay pallid and bleeding; and, throwing herself upon her knees at the bed-side, seized the blacksmith's calloused hand and covered it with her kisses and her tears. John looked at her feebly and smiled, and in her joy at this sign at once of life and of recognition, she impulsively kissed his lips whose coldness startled her. With great difficulty the surgeon and Mrs.



Little May Bentley

## Born a Genius

### Disease Threatens to Cut Short a Noble Career

#### But Hood's Sarsaparilla Restores Good Health.

Little May Bentley is an accomplished elocutionist and natural born speaker of only 13 years of age. She is the only child temperance lecturer before the public. Her genius, however, did not exempt her from an attack of a disease of the blood. Her own words best tell the story: "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I heartily join with the many thousands that are recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had been troubled from infancy with gatherings in the head. I was compelled to leave school upon the doctor's advice. He thought it was the only thing to save my life, but I

#### Continued to Grow Worse.

I was persuaded finally by a friend to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The use of one bottle acted ef-

## Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

fectively upon the blood and I began to improve. After the use of three bottles the gathering ceased and I am cured of my former trouble. I owe my life and will always remain a true friend to Hood's Sarsaparilla." LILLIE MAY BENTLEY, Shelbyville, Indiana. Get HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

Ruble bore the weeping, shrieking girl away. She believed her lover was dying.

(To be continued.)

Probably a Forgery.

The following circular has appeared during the last year in a number of newspapers:

ISSUED MARCH 12, 1893, BY AMERICAN BANKER'S ASSOCIATION TO ALL NATIONAL BANKS.

DEAR SIR:—The interests of national bankers require immediate financial legislation by congress. Silver, silver certificates and treasury notes must be retired, and national bank notes upon a gold basis made the only money. This will require the authorization of from \$500,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000 of new bonds as a basis of circulation. You will at once retire one-third of your circulation and call in one-half of your loans. Be careful to make a money stringency felt among your patrons, especially among influential business men. Advocate an extra session of congress for the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman law and act with the other banks of your city in securing a large petition to congress for its unconditional repeal, as per accompanying form. Use personal influence with congressmen, and particularly let your wishes be known to your senators. The future life of national banks, as fixed and safe investments, depends upon immediate action, as there is an increasing sentiment in favor of government legal tender notes and silver coinage.

In reply to the above the American Banker's Association has issued a circular, to which the ADVOCATE calls attention, by request of a very reliable member of the association who lives in Topeka. This circular denies the authenticity of the other in these words: "You will observe that the circular is unsigned, and dated on the Sabbath. The association never issued the said circular, and is not responsible for it." We will add that J. R. Sovereign, master workman of the Knights of Labor, pronounced the circular a fraud. It probably originated in Illinois where a number of other spurious circulars started about that time.